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## Ferdinand Hiller's Tribute to the Memory of Hauptmann.

We translate from the *Cölnische Zeitung* of Jan. 7, as follows:

MORITZ HAUPTMANN, too, has passed away, and with him one of those rare representatives of the true dignity of a high Art sphere. In his seventy-sixth year, on the 3d of this month, unexpectedly, but gently, he departed.

In devoting a few lines here to the excellent man, I write them simply in affectionate remembrance. For any clear and searching estimate of his achievements I am hardly competent, nor is this the fitting moment. I may be permitted to give only a few biographical data, for the information of those within whose horizon the deceased had not stood.

Born in Dresden, in the year 1792, he was originally destined by his father for his own profession, that of architecture, but the love of music gained the upperhand in him. For a short time he was a pupil of Spohr, who, after an interval which Hauptmann mainly spent in Russia, attracted him to Cassel. There he remained for twenty years a member of the Court Capelle, but he earned so high a name as a composer and a theorist, that in the year 1842 he was called to the place of Cantor in the Thomas-Schule at Leipzig. The Conservatorium, founded soon afterward by Mendelssohn, won him as a teacher in the higher departments of musical composition, and found in him one of the main pillars of its fame and influence. In the past year it was vouchsafed to him to enjoy a festival in honor of the five-and-twentieth year of his activity in Leipzig. His health was already failing and he wrote to me on that occasion: "Such jubilees one should anticipate, and celebrate them in his younger years; later they are a useless consumption of the vital energy!" We may hope, in spite of this expression, that the countless tokens of sympathy and honor, which were offered him on that occasion, had more of quickening than of weakening influence upon him.

Since John Sebastian Bach gave an immortal consecration to the office of Cantor in the Thomas-Schule, Hauptmann, take him all in all, was certainly the most important of all his successors. During a century sterling composers, to be sure, and honored men had held that illustrious post; but there is hardly to be found among them a person of such comprehensive culture, such ripe intellect, such pure taste, such sharpness and clearness of judgment. Not only was Hauptmann, as a matter of course, most intimately acquainted with the masterworks of our art; he was not less at home in the creations of poetry and of the plastic arts. And such deep studies had he made in the German Philosophy, that in his famous work: "*Die Natur der Harmonik und der Metrik*" he could oppose the marriage thereof with the laws of musical science. His not over many, but most charmingly complete instrumental and vocal compositions are known and loved by the whole musical world of Germany.

But now of the personality, the character and nature of the man!

The Thomasplatz (open place before the Thomas School) does not remind one of Athens, and no Corinthian columns adorn the entrance to the whilome dwelling of Sebastian Bach;—but after one had sat in Hauptmann's study chamber, crammed with books and music, and had chatted with him for an hour, he went away with the moral image of an old Greek sage impressed upon his mind. That cheerful serenity, that smiling earnestness of comprehension, that mild justness of judgment, yet wanting by no means in Attic salt! And what a friendly interest he took in the work of every one who showed himself in earnest,—encouraging, instructing, softening, subduing!

Pushing his own doings, without any affectation, into the background; saying about his own productions only what was wrung from him as it were; demeaning himself with the most modest simplicity, yet he could not avoid being constantly looked up to as a superior. Often silent, but never saying what was insignificant; simple, plain, yet full of dignity; quiet, yet always intellectually active! Thinking of him, one finds no end of themes for praise.

Many of the best of several generations of German, English, Scandinavian composers name him with pride as their teacher. More insignificant ones may not always have been fit subjects for his depth and acuteness. What might not such a man have done as critic! It may be doubted whether any living person gives us an idea of it. For to the knowledge and the comprehension, which he was able to express in perfect form, was added a complete impartiality. But he was of too peaceful a disposition, and his views always reached out too much to the universal and the whole. But in his letters to his friends he has strown treasures of artistic wisdom. We hope this will not all be lost to the large circle that might be mentally enriched by it.

Might I also speak of the noble family life of the excellent man, without stepping too near to his distinguished, his afflicted wife? A mistress in singing and in drawing, she was to him not only the most faithful companion, but at the same time the representative of the two arts which he loved most of all.

Those who are left behind to mourn him may regard these poor lines as a simple wreath, which we from this distance cannot actually lay upon the coffin of the deceased. For wreaths of fame he never strove—all the more richly will the wreaths of love and reverence adorn his grave.

## Franz Schubert's "Tragische Sinfonie."

(From the Crystal Palace Programmes.)

Adagio molto: Allegro.  
Andante.  
Menuetto e Trio.  
Allegro.

This is the fourth of the nine symphonies which, in addition to a host of other compositions, Franz

Schubert produced during his too short life of thirty-one years. It was composed in April, 1816, when he was 19 years of age, leading a quiet life in Vienna, the most important events of which were such trifles as the return of the Emperor from a tour in Italy; a *fête* to Salieri, the venerable Court composer; the production of some new work by Beethoven; an unsuccessful contest for the post of music-master to the normal school at Laybach, with a salary of £45; or, more monotonous than all, the fact which he notes in his diary, under June 16: "To-day for the first time I composed for money—a Cantata for the birthday of Professor von Draxler. Price 100 florins." Such were the small matters which at that time made up the outward life of the young composer, who was destined to be so great. But, however quiet its outward course, the inner life of so sensitive and poetical a nature as Schubert's, cast in such cruel circumstances, must have been constantly chequered and agitated. From his smallest song to his largest symphony, no composition of his but bears witness to the fact. What led him to affix (if, indeed, he himself affixed it), the title of *Tragic Symphony* to this composition is not known. It is a title that might be bestowed on almost everything that he wrote—for there are few, even of his more cheerful works, in which a tone of melancholy does not pervade and underlie their gaiety. But beyond the title there is nothing in the symphony to indicate that it was inspired by any specially tragic theme, or was the result of any severe private misfortune. Possibly it is the record of some passing love affair, which though "tragic" enough at the moment was soon forgotten (as one forgets at 19), and may even have melted away as the symphony occupied his brain and his fingers: or it is some pang of poverty, like that which dictated the letter to his brother, in which he begs for wherewithal to buy "a penny loaf and a few apples," and signs himself "your loving, poor, hopeful, but still poor brother, Franz"—a frame of mind which would fly before the first few kreutzers that chance or kindness put in his way. His application for the music school at Laybach is dated April 9, 1816, so that the Symphony may have been composed during the hopes and fears attending the quest of that post, which, unremunerative as it was, would have been a fortune to Franz Schubert.

But "Tragic" or not, the Symphony in C minor is a grand and beautiful work, one which would do honor to any master, however matured, and truly astonishing as the production of a youth not out of his teens. Traces there are throughout of the influence of both Mozart and Beethoven; but such similarities are inevitable in the early works of a youth, and are here amply redeemed by the original strokes and features with which each movement abounds. The sudden transitions, and the method of repeating a whole phrase in another key remote to that in which it is first heard, so characteristic of Schubert, are both to be found here; and it is interesting to notice the first tokens of the sympathy shown to the wind instruments, which are so prominent in Schubert's later works, and to which in the unfinished Symphony in B minor, the *Rosamunde* music, and the grand Symphony in C, he confides the interest and most touching secrets of his soul, as no one else has done before or after him. The orchestra, too, has that peculiarly sweet and balanced tone which is so obvious in the great works just named, and which is the more wonderful when we consider how rarely he can have heard his music performed. The two most obviously striking movements in the Symphony are the *andante* and the *finale*. The former is one of the most beautiful and engaging

things in all music; a strain of lovely melody enriched and set off by every device of art, and yet true, sweet, and unaffected to the last. In form it is somewhat unusual, consisting of two independent melodies, which are repeated alternately and separately, without being worked together. The returns from the one melody to the other are truly exquisite. The *finale* is very busy and brilliant throughout, with beautifully melodious subjects and charming treatment of the wind instruments. The *allegro* and minuet are only less interesting than the other two; the minuet might have been signed "Beethoven," without in any way derogating his fame. It is astonishing that a work so full of spirit and beauty should have been allowed to remain in oblivion for so many years. The first two movements were tried at a concert in Vienna in 1860, but appear to have met with no success, and the score remained in its dusty retirement in the cupboard of Dr. Schneider, an advocate of Vienna, side by side with the *Rosamunde* music and many other MS. treasures, till the autumn of last year. That its neglect was due to no opposition on the part of its possessor is evident from the kind readiness with which he allowed the representatives of the Crystal Palace Company to take a copy of it. To Dr. Schneider the thanks of our audience are due, since it is by his liberality that we are enabled to present to their notice a work which cannot fail to become a greater favorite the oftener it is heard.—The autograph of the symphony has disappeared, the score in Dr. Schneider's possession being a copy by Ferdinand Schubert with the title, "*Tragische Sinfonie in C minor von Franz Schubert. Composit in Aprile 1816.*"

Franz Peter Schubert was the son of a small schoolmaster of Vienna, and was born at a house which still bears the sign of "The Red Crab," No. 54 of the Nussdorfer-Strasse in the Himmelfortgrund suburb, on the 31st January, 1797. The records of his childhood are very scanty, but they show that his genius for music and his general ability manifested themselves very early. At eleven years of age he had a lovely voice and was put into the Court Chapel and into a public school called the *Convent*, where he remained for five years. His first known composition was a four-hand fantasia for pianoforte (1810), and his first song the "Lament of Hagar" (1811). The following are the principal events of his life:—

1813. Symphony No. 1, composed Oct. 28.
1814. Leaves the Convent. First Mass in F composed.
1815. Symphonies 2 and 3 composed, Seven Operas, and the "*Erlk\u00fcnig*."
1816. Symphonies 4 and 5, Mass in C, Stabat Mater, and opera of "*Die B\u00fcrger*."
1817. Five Pianoforte Sonatas.
1818. Resides with the Esterhazy family in Hungary, and has a secret passion for the Countess Caroline. Symphony No. 6, *Dirittissement \u00e0 la Hongroise*, Fantasia in F minor.
1819. Visits Salzburg and Linz. Composes the Pianoforte Quintet.
1820. Composes for the stage, "*Die Zwillinge*," "*Die Zaubersch\u00e4fer*," "*Sacuntala*," oratorio of "*Lasarus*;" "*Fantasia* (Op. 15).
1821. Sketches the Symphony in E (No. 7).
1822. Opera of "*Alfonse und Estrella*;" meets Weber and Beethoven; composes B minor Symphony (No. 8) and Mass in A flat.
1823. Composes for the stage, "*Rosamunde*," "*Fierabras*," and "*Die h\u00e4ssliche Krieg*."
1824. Octet; String Quartets in A flat, E, E flat; Grand Duo in C. Returns to Esterhazy's.
1825. Pianoforte Sonatas in A minor and C (duets).
1826. The "*Winterreise*;" String Quartets in D minor and G; Rondau brilliant Pianoforte Trio in B flat.
1827. Trio in E flat; many songs.
1828. Symphony No. 9 (in C); String Quintet; Mass in E flat; "*Miriam's Siegesgesang*;" "*Schwanengesang*." Dies Nov. 19th.

His works include: 5 masses; 15 operas, operettas, &c.; 9 symphonies; 10 quartets, quintets, octet and trios; 12 pianoforte sonatas; 32 pianoforte four-hand sonatas, marches, variations, &c.; 36 part songs; 575 songs.

It is to be regretted that there is no portrait of Schubert which can be accepted as giving any adequate idea of his looks. The head which appears at the top of Diabelli's edition of his songs is a caricature. A sketch by Kupelwieser, taken July 10, 1821, is engraved as the frontispiece to his life by Kreissle, but it is only necessary to compare this most wooden of wood-cuts with the photograph of the original sketch—to be found in some of the early editions of Kreissle, and it-

self a poor thing—to show how inadequate they both are. There remains the life-sized bust which forms part of the monument on Schubert's tomb in the W\u00e4hringer Cemetery, outside Vienna. This is said by those who knew him to be a good likeness, and I am therefore glad to inform my readers that photographs, both of the tomb and the bust may be purchased in the nave at the entrance of the concert room. But even this, probably taken from a posthumous mask, is an unsatisfactory representation of the outward man of our dear composer. His face was evidently one that was heavy in repose, but surely with his genial disposition, and with the brilliant imagination and soft sweet heart which are present in every bar of his music, he must have had one of the most changeable countenances ever possessed by man. His eyes were usually dull, says a contemporary, but would kindle at the least allusion to music, or to Beethoven, and would light up the whole of his features. Faces like these are notoriously hard to portray; only the best artists can catch their shifting, flying traits of delicate expression. And such artists never came in the way of Schubert. Now, the greatest painters would feel honored by having to paint his portrait; but when he lived his worth was not known, and so the world has lost forever the living image of his face. But, thank God, we have his works.

He was about 5ft. 6in. high, thick-set and of solid make, black hair, and short-sighted, for which he wore glasses.

The best biography of Schubert is by Dr. Kreissle von Hellborn, Vienna, 1865. A translation of this is announced by Messrs. Longman as to appear early in the spring, in one vol. 8vo., under the title of "*The Life of Franz Schubert*." Translated from the German of Kreissle von Hellborn by Arthur Duke Coleridge, M.A., late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge."

(From the Journal of Speculative Philosophy).

### The Seventh Symphony.

BY CHAS. W. CHAPMAN.

It is unnecessary at this late day to enter into any comparative estimate of the place which the Beethoven Symphonies hold in classic musical literature. They have long since taken their stand at the head of orchestral compositions as models of human genius and skill, and time only increases the admiration—the feelings akin to worship—which they inspire.

The Seventh, Op. 92, thought by many to be the greatest of the series, consists of four grand movements, besides a shorter introductory movement, viz.:

- I. *Poco sostenuto*; *Vivace*.
- II. *Allegretto*.
- III. *Presto*, including the *meno assai*.
- IV. *Allegro con brio*.

These parts, though quite distinct in outline and separate from each other, yet have an inner relative proportion and sequence. They form together a complete unity and constitute a *Tone-poem*, a *Joy-song* of unsurpassed magnificence. The opening "*poco sostenuto*," in two-fold measure, stretches out like a newly awakened athlete, beginning preparation at once for the day's contest. Bright hints of good news, full of promise, excite the hopes and anticipate the certain success. A beautiful figure\* only partially worked out, shadows forth the great things coming, and, gathering force, leads gradually to a climax of expectation, and conducts the hearer directly to the most inspiring *Vivace*, a 6-8 movement abounding in vigor and love of play. The motive or subject, although so free and spontaneous, is treated throughout with the thoroughness and strength of Beethoven. It is full of the activity of youth, the freedom and freshness of morning. The unshaped gladness of the Prelude has here become fully determined. Before the end of the part,† and after the Coda has begun, appears in the violas, violoncellos and double basses, a new phrasing of the subject, an epitome of the first motive; it denotes an ecstatic summing up of the deepest delight; it is ten times repeated with increasing emphasis, and rolls up like the ground swell of a conquering storm gone by; it is an extraordinary effect, and in the last part of the work‡ occurs a reminiscence of it in

\* 23d measure; oboes.

† 50 measures before the close, the Coda including 60 measures.

‡ *Allegro con brio*, 77 measures from the end. Note.—There is a subtle analogy in the phenomena of material forces which

a broader setting. The theme is developed to a culminating point of astonishing force; by a simultaneous charge the mount of joy is scaled, and the movement finishes in a fortissimo of attainment and victory.‡

#### ALLEGRETTO.

From the height of exhilaration to this next movement, what a fall! we are in another country from the last. The hearer is startled by a hollow and yet piercing cry of pain.‡ A marchlike,‡musing theme begins from the foundations\* a spectral harmony without melodic voice; a message of such momentous import that articulate utterance is denied it. At length arises a melody (violas) so simple, so grand, it seems to take hold of the very innermost of song. Is it a weary nation whose deliverer has not yet arisen—or the loneliness of a leader whose people will not follow? Balboa at the foot of the Isthmian rocks with a hardly suppressed mutiny about him? Or a vast procession bowed in profoundest feeling, and signalled by that sharp cry to move on? Rather let us conclude, a song of love and compassion for erring mortals; a symphonic picture of performance, matched with the attempted ideal—(subpart in A major, the triple motion again). Once, twice, does the gloomy curtain lift amid strains from Elysium, seldom given to mortals to hear; still it is far off, and while it comforts, it is that "remembering happier things" which is truly the "crown of sorrow." We call this Seventh Symphony a joy-song! Yes! not the mere briskness and unthinking levity of youth or bodily spirits, but the soundness of a great and healthy nature. Woe—even the wretchedest—to which such consolations are permitted to come, can never utterly lose courage. The sources of grief well up with increased power; though the Divine assistance does not fail, human endurance has a limit; a desperate effort against fate, only rends the striver, and calls forth again the same bitter cry, ending the movement as it began. This sad and most beautiful picture let into the body of the work, heightens in the greatest degree the contrast of feelings both before and after it; just the converse of the grave-digger scene in Hamlet, it answers a similar purpose. The dignity and nobleness of the sorrow here shown is perhaps without a parallel in the domain of musical expression. Totally unlike this movement is the third or, "*Presto*," and "*meno assai*." It has such an impetuosity of frolic as to run itself almost out of control. Flutes and oboes call to strings and fagottos back and forth like elves and nixies, and chase and hiding alternate in the imaginative sport. Hungry wild birds come upon a supply of food ridiculously overmuch for them, chuckle such assuring notes together. The combination of might and fairy fleetness is masterly. Upon the fire and vehemence of this "*Presto*," fairly sails the *assai meno (Presto)* [The Trio to this Scherzo]. The acute notes held so long by the violins, remind one of the sea of insect sound filling all the air, which rises from an August field. It is a colossal calm, fitly introduced after the three great movements preceding, telling of infinite content and the leisure of midsummer heats. The old is not forgotten, but surmounted; the herald cry at the beginning and end of the "*Allegretto*" comes up again, but stripped of the minor interval—it is the strong, unison breath of robust maturity;‡ Soothed to slumberous quiet by these splendid tones, and loth to let them go, the part ends abruptly.

#### ALLEGRO CON BRIO.

This powerful composition rounds and completes the work. It overflows with millennial rejoicing. The undercurrent of bliss reached in the *Vivace* here finds room for development upon a broader basis. The pleasure is so intense and active that phrases from the *Allegretto*, expressing the deepest affliction, are here turned into proudest notes of exultation.‡

these Codas of Beethoven remind one of. It is to this effect: The greatest force moves largest masses through least space, e. g. compare the flight of the yellow bird and the eagle; or, better, see the sun make the hills lean for him in his daily round, to settle back under the cold of night. If the mountains could sing, would they not gently hum such a figure as this over and over: (Bass 6-8) d (1-4), d, e sharp, b sharp, b sharp (1-5), e sharp (1-4), e sharp (1-4).

‡ Note.—Victory, undoubtedly. And yet why does the cadence chord fall upon the third? Is something further to be looked for? Ah! It is the very nature of the triplet, the 6-8 motion to be incapable of reaching the final solution of life. Youth, with its inexperience, its high bent and its caprice, favors the triple motion; there is in it a little of the curve and the magniloquence, which anguish or tragedy prunes away in good time. The romantic is insufficient for itself.

‡ Oboes, clarionets, fagottos and horns.

\* Violas, violoncellos and contrabassi.

† 143d measure of *Allegretto*, or 5th measure after the first episode in A major.

‡ Coda to Scherzo and also before the "*Assai meno*."

‡ Compare the 38th measure, *Allegretto*, for instance, with the 16th measure of the *Allegro con brio*—(24th, reckoning the repeat).



When the resources of art seem well nigh exhausted, we are carried to still higher flights in periods of ex-celling majesty. In joy like this we learn truths that sadness may help teach us, but itself could never reveal. We feel the brotherhood of man, and that suffering is but an incident in the life of the soul. Beethoven himself said, this is "one of my very best" works. (Letter to J. P. Salomon, 1815). Over particular beauties of the work one could linger long. The crisis introduced at the 143d measure, Allegretto—what a vast sigh terminating in paroxysmal pain—it shudders like the recoiling surf that has spent its utmost upon the unyielding breaker.

The flute sings eloquently—each sufferer responding less fluently, with greater emphasis; the weight descends with ever added mass upon those terrible couplets, *fortissimo*—and the last hope of deliverance by active effort is exhausted. The very least note of this gigantic dissolution is indispensable. \* \* There is nothing in all experience adequate to such a composition, except the glory to the world of having for a while detained such an author. Just as the breadth of treatment urges for more performers than it would be practicable to assemble, so does the greatness of ideas contained therein transcend the actual and look beyond to the dream of the poet, or to prophetic vision. An intellectual nature so energetic as to superintend inspirations of such magnitude, can stand for humanity to a distant future, as a symbol of Divine power. If it is the province of Art to develop the latent sense of Beauty in man, to bring into clearness the indistinct but ever-beckoning Possible, surely little should be needed to incite us to love and study works placed in our hands by the labor and genius that have gone before: they have made the habitable earth more habitable, and the gift of Life more welcome to us.

### Beethoven's Symphony in A.

(From the Crystal Palace Programmes).

This Symphony was written in the early part of the year 1812, the original manuscript, in the possession of Herr Paul Mendelssohn, of Berlin, the brother of the composer, bearing the autograph date 13th May. Four years had elapsed since the production of the 5th and 6th symphonies (the C minor and Pastoral), an interval for which Beethoven revenged himself by achieving, in the space of some six months, another pair of Colossi—namely, this and the 8th symphonies (the latter, dated October, 1812), which, however, except in the fact that they are colossal, and are the offspring of his mighty mind, have nothing in common with each other, or with those that preceded them. Mr. Thayer's researches, embodied in his accurate and interesting work, indispensable to the Beethoven student, *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Beethovens*, give no support to the doubt expressed by Berlioz in his interesting remarks on this symphony, that it was composed as early as the Eroica. On the contrary, they fix it definitely to the date above-named. It is interesting to know also that the Grand Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 97), though not published till after the 7th and 8th symphonies, and therefore numbered after them, was really composed a year before them—namely, in March 1811.

I can find no warrant for another statement by M. Berlioz in one of his clever *feuilletons*, that the *Vivace* of the symphony was written three times over before it satisfied its author. The rumor may have originated in Beethoven's habit of writing and re-writing his themes and passages in his sketch-books, which contain the most curious and abundant evidence of his severity towards the offspring of his brain, whom he would sacrifice again and again, erasing and altering times without number, till he was completely satisfied. But he usually confined this process to his sketch-books, and except in the *Leonora* overtures I remember no instance of his making two complete scores of the same work. Certainly no second version of any movement of this one is known.

The Symphony in A remained for a year and a half in manuscript and unheard. It was first performed at the Grosse Redouten-Saale in Vienna, on the 8th December, 1813, at a concert for the benefit of the soldiers wounded at the battle of Hanau, where the Austrian and Bavarian armies endeavored to cut off Napoleon's retreat from Leipzig. Much enthusiasm was felt in Vienna on the subject of the concert, and every one was eager to lend a helping hand. Besides conducting the performance in person, Beethoven contributed two new works to the programme, the "Battle Symphony" and that now before us. The orchestra presented an unusual appearance, many of the desks being tenanted by the most famous musicians and composers of the day. Spohr and Mayseder played among the violins, Meyerbeer and Hummel had the drums, and Moscheles

the cymbals. Even Beethoven's old adviser, Kapellmeister Salieri, was there among the players. There was a black-haired, thick-set, short-sighted lad of fifteen in Vienna at that time, named Franz Schubert, who had finished his own first symphony only six weeks\* before, and we may depend upon it that he was somewhere in the room, though at that time too insignificant to be mentioned in any of the accounts. The performance, says Spohr, was "quite masterly," the slow movement was encored, and the success of the concert extraordinary. Beethoven was so much gratified as to write a letter of thanks to all the performers. The concert was repeated on the 12th December, and the symphony was played again more than once before the 27th of the following March, when it was performed, together with its twin brother, No. 8. The two were published together at the close of the year 1816.

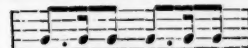
This is the only one of his nine symphonies for which Beethoven chose the key of A; indeed, it is his only great orchestral work in that key. Mozart, too, would seem to have avoided this key for orchestral compositions, out of his forty-nine symphonies only two being in A. Of nine symphonies of Schubert, and five of Schumann (including the "Overture Scherzo and Finale"), not one is in this key. But, on the other hand, compare Mendelssohn, of whose four published symphonies, one, the Scotch, is in A minor; another, the Italian, in A major. Beethoven's other important compositions in A are the so-called Kreutzer Sonata, the fine and poetical Piano-forte Sonata, Op. 101, and the posthumous Quartet, Op. 132; but it must be admitted that if nothing but the symphony had ever been written in that key, that alone would have been sufficient to immortalize it.

In form the seventh symphony varies little from the accepted model on which the Eroica and B flat symphonies are formed. In the *Scherzo* alone is there any obvious variation, though that is of some importance as having probably given rise to a still further departure from precedent adopted by Schumann and Mendelssohn. I allude to the repetition of the trio, which is twice played instead of once as in the former symphonies, and which no doubt led to the practice of having two trios, as in Schumann's B flat and C major symphonies and in Mendelssohn's recently published "Cornelius March." This innovation increases the length of the movement to nearly double what it would have been under the original plan. Here, and in the eighth only, has Beethoven substituted an *allegretto* for the usual *Andante* or *larghetto*, but, beyond the name, the two *allegrettos* have no likeness whatever.—Strange, the strength and variety of this prodigious genius! Of his nine symphonies, not only is the general character of each quite different from that of any of the others, so that it is impossible to confuse the Eroica with No. 7, or No. 4 with No. 8, or the first and second; not only this, but each of the four movements, which compose each entire symphony, is entirely and absolutely distinct from all the other eight corresponding movements which form part of the others. The symphonies of Mozart and of Haydn have not only a family likeness of stature, cast of countenance, general bearing of the whole person, but even between the separate features of each there is a strong similarity that makes it difficult to keep them apart, clear and distinct, in the recollection. The slow movements of the G minor and Jupiter Symphonies of Mozart, or his minuets in the same and the E flat Symphony, will afford an instance of what is meant. Their general character is so similar, that it requires some little consideration to disentangle them one from the other. But in Beethoven's movements who ever experienced any difficulty of this kind? The minuets of the first, second, fourth, and eighth symphonies, or the *scherzos* of the Eroica, the C minor, the seventh, and the Choral, are all as individual and distinct as if they were written in different measure, and different tempo, and different form, instead of being, so far as those particulars are concerned, all cast in one mould. And so in like manner with all the other movements. Each *allegro*, each *andante* and each *finale* stands forth in one's memory with a living individuality which makes it impossible to confound it with any other. In this, as in some other respects, the only comparison with which I can compare Beethoven is Shakespeare. Let any non-musical reader (inclined, perhaps, to be sceptical at what I have said) think of the radical difference between *Othello* and *Hamlet*, *King John*

and *King Lear*, *Twelfth Night* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest* and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; and further, between Desdemona and Imogen, Miranda and Cordelia, Lance and Touchstone, and he will realize my meaning better than if I were to write a volume.

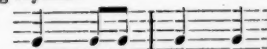
The symphony opens with an introduction, *poco sostenuto*, far surpassing in its dimensions, as well as in breadth and grandeur of style, those of the first, second, or fourth symphonies, the only others of the immortal nine which exhibit that feature. This introduction is a wonderfully grand and impressive movement, and resembles a vast and stately portico or hall, leading to the great galleries, corridors, and apartments of a noble palace. The transition from the introduction to the "first movement" proper, the *Vivace*, by an E forty-eight times repeated, and echoed backwards and forwards, between the flutes and oboes and the violins—a passage now listened for with delight as one of the most characteristic in the whole work—was for a long time a great stumbling-block to the reception of the symphony both in London and Paris. The *Vivace* itself, into which the truly daring and original passage just alluded to leads, is a movement of wonderful fire and audacity. The principal theme, in its character and in the frequent employment of the oboe, has a quasi-rustic air; but there is nothing rustic about the way in which it is treated and developed; on the contrary, it is not surpassed in dignity, variety, and richness, by any of Beethoven's first movements.

It is difficult as well as presumptuous to compare masterpieces so full of beauty and strength, and differing so completely in their character, as do the nine symphonies of Beethoven; but if any one quality may be said to distinguish that now before us, where all its qualities are so great, it is, perhaps, that it is the most romantic of the nine, by which I mean that it is full of swift, unexpected changes and contrasts, which excite the imagination in the highest degree, and whirl it suddenly into new and strange regions. In this respect the C minor perhaps most nearly resembles it; but I venture to think that this surpasses that. There are some places in this *Vivace* where a sudden change occurs from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*, which have an effect unknown to me elsewhere. A sudden change from *ff* to *pp* in the full hurry and swing of a movement is a favorite device of Beethoven's, and is always highly effective, but here the change from loud to soft is accompanied by a simultaneous change in harmony, or by an interruption of the figure, or a bold leap from the top to the bottom of the scale—producing the most surprising and irresistible effect. This *Vivace* is full of these sudden effects, and they give it a distinct character from that of the opening movements of any of the other symphonies. The rhythm is marked as strongly as possible throughout. There is hardly a bar which does not contain its two groups of dotted triplets,—

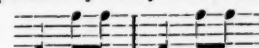


varied and treated in the most astonishingly free and bold manner.

Not less strongly marked or less persistent is the march of the *Allegretto*, which is all built upon the following rhythm:—



or, to use the terms of metre, a dactyl and a spondee, a dactyl and a spondee. Here again, there is hardly a bar in the movement in which the perpetual stroke of the rhythm is not heard, and yet the feeling of monotony never intrudes itself. It is full of melancholy beauties:—the vague soft chord in the wind instruments with which it begins and ends; the incessant beat of the rhythmical subject just spoken of; the lovely second melody, which, beginning in the tenors as a mere subordinate accompaniment, becomes after awhile the principal tune of the orchestra. But the most striking of all is the passage where the clarinets come in with a fresh melody, the key changing at the same time from A minor to A major, and the effect being exactly like a sudden gleam of sunshine. During this truly heavenly melody, however, the bass, with a kind of "grim repose," keeps up inexorably the rhythm with which the



movement started, like the

"One fatal remembrance, one sorrow which throws  
Its black shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,"

of the poet. No wonder that this *Allegretto* was encored at the first performance of the symphony, or that it was for long the only movement of Beethoven that could be endured in Paris.

\* The manuscript of Schubert's first symphony, in D, in possession of Dr. Schnelder of Vienna, bears the inscription, "Der 28te Oct. 1813. Fluis et Fine," at the end of the last movement.

† On the cover of one of Beethoven's sketch books (lettered E) in the Royal Library at Berlin, I found in his own writing a variation of the title of the Kreutzer Sonata, which appears hitherto to have escaped notice—"Sonata scritta in un stilo brillante quasi come d'un concerto," "brillante" being scratched through, and "molto concertante" written above it.

The third movement—*Presto*, and *assai meno presto*—not entitled *Scherzo* and *Trio* contains a passage for the horns, which is as original and impressive as anything else of Beethoven's, if not even more so. The electrical return to the theme of the *Scherzo*, after the passage alluded to, will not fail to be noticed. The extension given to this movement by the repetition of the trio has already been spoken of. Both the *Allegretto* and the *Scherzo* partake of the romantic character of the first movement, though from different causes.

Nor is the *Finale* less full of fiery genius and effect than the others, or less characteristic of its author, though it is wanting in those sudden "romantic" changes which (as I have with much diffidence attempted to show) distinguish the first movement. It reflects rather the prodigious force and energy and the grim, rough, humorous aspect of Beethoven, abrupt and harsh in his outward manner and speech. In the preceding movements this outward harshness but rarely appears. Force and vigor they exhibit in every bar, but it is rather the general nature of the man, his command of beauty—that well-spring of loveliness and grace which lay deep beneath his exterior—and his sense of awe and mystery, that distinguish them. In the *Finale*, however, his more obvious external characteristics have their sway. "Beethoven," says Spohr, "was often a little hard, not to say raw in his ways; but he carried a kindly eye under his bushy eyebrows." It is this side of his character which appear to me to be reflected by this *Finale*.

These wonderful works—the nine symphonies of Beethoven—the youngest of which is nearly fifty years old, are as fresh as the day they were written. Every time they are played they seem to become more youthful, more free from obscurity, fuller of meaning and beauty, and more secure against the attacks of time and fashion: like the great statues of antiquity, and like a few (a very few) pictures of more modern date, they appear destined to last as long as the human race itself.

But it is well to remember that these great works were not always so loved and appreciated, but have had to work their way through misunderstanding and coldness, as all great things always will. Even so eminent a musician as Weber received this very symphony with the following words:—"The extravagances of this great genius have at length reached their climax, and Beethoven is now ripe for a madhouse." The particular passage which excited this unlucky outburst, occurs near the end of the *Vivace*, where the basses repeat this figure—



not less than eleven times over—a departure from precedent which was enough to poison the mind of one of the most romantic composers in the world to the romantic changes and contrasts of the rest of the movement, now so delightful to us. It is a lesson worth remembering, that the innovations of one age are the settled laws of the next.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### Organs in Chicago.

Among the encouraging signs of western improvement in musical aspirations, mention ought to be made of the considerable number of good sized organs erected in Chicago during the past year.

For several years the most complete organ here was one of Erben's in St. Paul's (Universalist) church. It has three manuals and about twenty-eight stops.

About a year since, Wm. Johnson, of Westfield, erected in the First Baptist church here the largest instrument in the city, as well as the largest of his works. It has three Manuals, and a Pedal of thirty keys. There are in all about fifty-four draw-stops, and over three thousand pipes. The number of pipes, however, gives an illusive idea of the real power of the instrument, for the reason that there are a large number of mutation and compound stops. In the Great Organ, there are, I think, eleven ranks of mixture; in the Swell, nine ranks; and in the Choir, five. Besides there is in the Great a Twelfth and Quint, and a Quint in the Pedale. Moreover the number of reeds is open to exception. There are in the Great three trumpets of 16 ft., 8 ft., and 4 ft., respectively; in the Choir, a Clarinet; in the Swell, a Trumpet, Oboe, Musette, and Vox Huma-

na; and in the Pedale a Trombone. Owing to the great amount of "mixture" and reeds the tone of the full organ is universally criticized by connoisseurs. Yet Dudley Buck, Jr. is reported to have said that "he played this organ with more satisfaction than the one in the Boston Music Hall." There is no accounting for tastes, and "when doctors disagree" how shall we ignorant "suckers" form an opinion? There was also a grave oversight in this organ, in that the Choir organ does not contain a stop soft enough to accompany a solo in the Swell. The best thing now is the Stopped Diapason, and this has too much body and is not a suitable quality of tone. Yet the instrument has many excellencies. The Violone in the Pedale is a very successful stop. So also the Violoncello. The exterior is also very imposing, about three thousand dollars having been spent on the case.

More recently Mr. Johnson has erected an organ of two Manuals in the Union Park Congregationalist church. This is well spoken of, but I have not heard it. It contains about thirty stops and cost about four thousand dollars. The Pedale contains three stops, and the Great a 16ft. Open Diapason.

Henry Erben has recently erected an organ of similar extent in Christ Church. It is much liked. But by consent and acclamation of all connoisseurs the best organ we have is one just erected in Dr. Hatfield's (Centenary M. E.) church, by E. & G. G. Hook, who I suppose in New England are not unknown to fame. This magnificent instrument is not unlike those in the Swedemborgian and St. James's churches in Boston, and the beautiful one recently erected in the Westminster church at Elizabeth, N.J., described in a former number of this journal. The Centenary organ has three Manuals. The stops are distributed in this wise: Great, eleven stops; Swell, eleven stops; Solo, eight stops; Pedale, four; Mechanical movements, eleven, two of which are pedals operating stops of Great Organ. The summary of pipes in this organ is not large, the total being only about 2,300. And this is owing to the fact that the organ contains only nine ranks of mixture, and one Twelfth. Nor are the reeds numerous. There are: Great, one; Swell, two; Solo, two, one a "free reed;" Pedale, one. As usual in the Hooks' organs the tone is delightful. The symmetrical adjustment of the power and qualities of tone in the several departments of the instrument is most admirable. The full organ is grand, dignified, sombre enough, yet brilliant and clear. Every one of the solo stops is a gem in its way. The Melodia is a well-known "speciality" of the Hooks. The Clarinet is pronounced perfect. The sweet Dulciana in the solo organ is soft enough to accompany the softest possible solo in the Swell. And then the comfortable and agreeable pneumatic action! And the pneumatic couplers place the instrument under easy control of the player. With combinations prepared the player can place his hands on the keys of the Great organ and control nine distinct degrees of power without removing his hands from the keys or operating the swell pedal. Most of the organists of the city have tried this organ, and all alike are enthusiastic in its praise. And then the case deserves notice. Almost the entire front above the "belt" consists of pipes richly ornamented in bright colors and gilt. In the back-ground towers the great swell-box. The symmetrical arrangement of the pipes, the beautiful curves presented to the eye, and the happy contrast of color, render this exterior unique and beautiful. The organ stands in a recess behind the pulpit, on a floor six feet above the main floor of the room. The choir gallery is a lower continuation of the gallery which surrounds the other three sides of the church. The gallery front makes a sweep downwards at the pulpit end of the house, so that the whole front is continuous.

The church itself has enough of the social element to render it a fit subject of comment in a journal like

this. The auditorium is on the second floor, and will comfortably seat twelve hundred. On the first floor is the beautiful minor audience room in which the Sabbath School is held. Here may be comfortably seated over eight hundred people. The average attendance at the Sabbath School is about seven hundred. Below this room is the basement which contains a completely furnished kitchen and a dining room, with table accommodation for one hundred and fifty at once. This is for "festivals," etc. Great is the West!

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

### Auber at Eighty-Six.

(By "Spiridon" in the Evening Gazette.)

Here is a pen-and-ink sketch of Mons. Auber (who, by the way, is at work upon a new opera comique to be performed next winter!) which is interesting:—Mons. Auber is a singular character. Nobody will ever tell everything about him. Nobody may flatter himself he thoroughly knows that composer. We relinquish the task of explaining that happy man to whom everything has proved propitious, although for the last fifteen years we have constantly seen him every evening walk slowly towards the Grand Opera or Italian Opera where he faithfully fills his wonted seat, and have constantly followed him into society where about two o'clock A. M. this little old man with an inscrutable face still keeps his own in conversation with the nimblest minds. He is an old man who defies time and is seen walking on the boulevards after midnight without an overcoat. He still loves at eighty-six what he loved in the morning of life, and he has made the Parisian public accept his tastes. The authority of age, the magic of talents, a complete absence of human respect, an unconcealed contempt for humanity, an obstinate persevering practice of the Epicurean's creed have led him to sacrifice nothing of his whims and fancies to that society which would have given him in exchange compensations which he probably does not value. Applied to another class of ideas this would be called wisdom; but so far as Mons. Auber is concerned Minerva has nothing to do. Venus, rather than Pallas, is his goddess, and if we credit famous rumors familiar to all Parisians, it is not she he invokes when his hand is on the fingerboard summoning inspiration which is rarely deaf to his call. After a life of labor Mons. Auber has attained the ideal Balzac pursued during a whole month, the only month of his life when he was seen at the Grand Opera and in the Bois de Boulogne. For fifty years Mons. Auber has daily appeared to every eye like an elegant idler who was ignorant of work. For fifty years he has been present at every ball, every festival, every pleasure. Races, parties, concerts, theatres have all numbered him among their spectators. It seemed the title of head of the French School given him was a sinecure; and while other composers less prolific than him felt constrained to retire from the world, to seek a secluded spot in some valley's most distant nook or in some haven of the Norman coast to labor in peace without interruption, Mons. Auber plunged headlong into the surf of Paris, let it roll him where it would, gained new strength in this inferno of pleasures and found new life and eternal youth where his friends and rivals found nothing but wrinkles and cares. Rossini draws out his watch every minute to see how many pulsations he has and is an uneasy and timid invalid who refuses to consider death and eternity. Mons. Auber replied to a young tenor who, seeing the success of "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," asked for a part in the composer's next opera: "Reckon on me, I will send you my score from the graveyard." This sceptic old man who recalls Anacreon smiles at death. Everybody quotes his sprightly sayings, his repartees, his sallies. He is seen every night surrounded by the dresses of four pretty women, his assiduous companions. He never misses a first performance. He carries everywhere his sprightly mind and his prompt repartee under his tired, oppressed air. He moves slowly but securely, without cares, without envy, without remorse. He leaves official and stiff bearing for objects which please him. He knows no aristocracy but that of plastic beauty, and his opera glass discovers in the highest tier a pretty face for which he is tempted to redress fate's injustice by offering it his parqu岸 seat. Nevertheless this harmonious being has nothing of the troubador about him. He has no laughter on his lips. His mouth is not screwed up amiably, he scarcely smiles when he lets fly a sarcasm or a keen remark. He is sure of himself. He suffices to himself. He has a sort of artist's dignity which supplies the place of that human respect expected from all men. He carries abreast his place of chapel master of the Emperor and his



post of high priest of Cytherea. His first day of happiness has lasted all his life. He has not known winter: His head does not bend. His white hair is not powdered with snow, but with almond tree flowers. Everything is forgiven him, everything is lawful in him. There is no doubt the sphere in which he lives is the very condition of the existence of his talents. An old man of his age cannot be transplanted, and the atmosphere of feminine objects is, perhaps, the only air he can breathe. Nothing could surprise us more and make a deeper impression on us than this artistic longevity, like some tree riven and wrenched by old age which is still covered with flowers all the year round. The last melody which has fallen from the lips of this composer of 86 seems a nightingale's song coming from a nest hidden in some willow's cleft while the leaves vanquished by the winter's winds have forsaken the naked boughs.

## Music Abroad.

### Leipzig.

The new opera house, said to be one of the most perfect and beautiful in Europe, after being dedicated in January with a performance of Goethe's *Iphigenia*, &c., was opened for opera early in February, *Fidelio* leading off. Special pains were bestowed on the performance to make it more excellent than usual; and the Leonora of Fräulein Löwe, the Florestan of Herr Gross, the Jaquino of Herr Rebling are highly praised. Next followed a course of Italian operas, with Mlle. Aglaia Orgeni for prima donna, who was educated in the school of Viardot, and bids fair to be a *coloratur* singer of the first rank. *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, the *Barber of Seville*, *Trovatore*, and Rossini's *Otello* were given, all in German, the other singers being mostly German. On the 26th Feb. Mlle. Orgeni was to close her engagement with the part of Agatha in *Der Freyschütz*.

The 19th Gewandhaus Concert (March 5) fell on the 125th anniversary of the foundation of these concerts, which was celebrated accordingly by a programme made up wholly from the compositions of the directors during the last 25 years, namely: the Concert Overture by Julius Rietz (1848-54, and 1856-60); *Aria from Elijah* and Violin Concerto by Mendelssohn (1835-43, and 1846-47). "*Frühlings-Fantasie*" by Gade (1844-46); A-major Symphony by Reinecke (since 1860); *Andante* and *Scherzo capriccioso* for violin by David (1847-8, and 1854-56); *Lieder* for soprano and male chorus by Ferd. Hiller (1843-44).—Here is a summary of other concerts since our last:

17th Gewandhaus Concert: Suite No. 4, Lachner (conducted by the composer); Violin Concerto, A minor, No. 5, Molique (Herr Ferdinand Laub); Air from *Don Juan*, Mozart (Mme. Janner-Krall); Solo Pieces for the Violin, Laub; and songs with piano Mme. Janner-Krall).—Concert of the Dilettanti Orchestral Association: Symphony in D major, Mozart; March from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; "*Die Tageszeiten*," Robert Volkmann, arranged for piano by R. Schöneck.—Ninth Concert of the Euterpe Association: Symphony in G major, Haydn; Violin Concerto, in A minor, No. 5, Molique (Herr Auer); Chorus for female voices from *Blanche de Provence*, Cherubini; Solos for Violin, Spohr and Auer; and overture to *Leonore*, No. 3, Beethoven.

Concert of Chamber Music given by Riedel's Association: G major Trio for Stringed Instruments, Op. 9, No. 1, Beethoven; "*Volkslied und Gesänge*," for an alto voice, Rubinstein; D major Trio, Op. 70, No. 1, Beethoven; Songs, Lassen, Holstein, Kremling; and Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 47, Schumann.—Eighth concert of the Euterpe Association: Prelude to *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner; Air from *Oberon*, Weber (Mlle. Spohr); Second Concerto (F minor), Op. 21, Chopin (Mlle. Dietrich from Prague); Symphony in D minor, Op. 120, Schumann; Solos for Pianoforte, Bach, Schumann, and Raff; Songs, Kirchner and Schubert.—Concert of the Pauliner Vocal Association: Concert overture (No. 2), Jadasohn; "*Der Morgen*," for chorus and orchestra, Rubinstein; Air from *Joseph*, Mehul (Herr Wiedemann); Quartets, Hauptmann, Volkmann, and Schumann; Scotch Melody, arranged by Bruch; "*Märchen*" for solo, chorus, and orchestra, H. Götz; "*Das Grab im Busento*" for chorus and orchestra,

Nessler; "*Der Jäger Heimkehr*," Reinecke; Notturno, Chopin; Ballad, Op. 20 Reinecke; "*Volkslieder*," Herbeck and Silcher; and "*Der Landsknecht*," for male chorus and orchestra, Herbeck.

Eighteenth Gewandhaus Concert: Symphony in A major, Mendelssohn; Air with *obligato* Pianoforte Accompaniment, Mozart (Mlle. Reiter from Basle, and Herr von Inten); Concerto for Violoncello, No. 1, A minor, Golttermann (Herr Hegar); and music to *Egmont*, Beethoven, with connecting verses by Mosengeil, the songs sung by Mlle. Reiter.

Concert for the Orchestral Fund: Overture to *König Manfred*, Reinecke; Violin Concerto, Davidoff (performed by the composer); Toccata, Bach; Nocturne, Etude, and Polonaise, Chopin; Fantasia on *Don Juan*, Liszt (Herr Tausig); Solos for Violoncello (Herr Davidoff); and "*Harold Symphony*," Berlioz.

### Paris.

The correspondent of the *Orchestra* (March 10) writes:

M. Ambroise Thomas has written an opera of "*Hamlet*," and has not failed; nay, he deserves success. His "*Hamlet*" is a classical composition of pure taste, but which the public will probably say is "chaste, but trying;" it is, however, saved by the insertion of one gem, a pearl of great price, which lightens up the whole. I should tell you that Faure was *Hamlet*. He is so charming an actor, and looked the part so well, that we were tempted to wish he had a great deal more singing, or no singing at all, and so might have played *Hamlet* à la Charles Kemble. Mlle. Nilsson was *Ophelia*; Mlle. Gueymard, the *Queen*; M. Belval, the *King*—which did not much matter; and, alas, poor *Ghost*! he was dressed in bright armor and a sort of fool's cap in steel, and accompanied by a chorus of guns and trumpets, as if Danes were fighting beneath the walls. The orchestra was, as usual there, perfect; the overture was very pretty, especially some movements which brought back the dead Lucia and "*Sulla Tomba*." The first act brings *Hamlet* (the Dane) and *Ophelia* (the Swede) together. He is melancholy, and she asks him, "Pour quoi détournez-vous les yeux?" which gives Nilsson and Faure so nice a duet that the house settled in its place, and thought it was in for a good time. Mlle. Nilsson then sang a charming song; M. Collin one, neither so good nor so well sung; then the *Ghost* was invoked in rather ghostly music, and came on, when we got dull. I regret to say so, but the second and third acts—which are devoted to the heavy scenes between *Hamlet*—"my mother"—"my uncle"—with a periodical visit from the "Ombra Adorata," "The spirit of my sainted sire"—were very wearying. While Mlle. Nilsson was on the stage we are all right, and her aria—

Sa main déprie hier  
N'a pas touché ma main.

was a great effect. The scene of the players was bad. The "play was the thing," but it was a pestilent thing; in fact, the opera did fair to lapse into a tragedy, with the accompaniment of sad music. The pantomime and finale, which took up half an hour, will, I suppose, be mercifully spared our successors in that stall. The third act has some fine music, but still it is heavy music. We have "To be, or not to be" (*Etre, ou ne pas être*), and "Go to a nunnery" (*Allez dans un cloître*); indeed, I have never seen such fidelity in translation; but there is no air nor sweetness in the music which is married to that immortal (if translated) verse. The *Queen*, in rather a grand duo with M. Faure, tells us, "*Hamlet*, ma douleur est immense," and the curtain falls on the third act. Then dancing—a ballet in "*Hamlet*," *figurez-vous*, a ballet!—set in for about an hour; and very pretty dances, anything but warmly clad, danced before us, probably to warm themselves, in a scene which was simply charming; and, indeed, I may say that it was generally agreed the scenery and decorations were worthy of the Grand Opera of Paris in the best of its many grand days. After a "*pas*" which was very pretty to the young, and which to the elders brought back a celebrated *pas de deux* danced by one Cerito and one Perrot years ago, in the "*Lac des Fées*," *Ophelia* came in mad, and sang,

A vos jeux, mes amis,  
Permettez-moi de grâce.

And here I pause, and change my tone. Up to this time the opera had been dull—decidedly dull; and, when Nilsson was not singing, or Faure acting, I believe the house rather wished it all over. But the fourth act would have not only saved, but made popular an infinitely heavier opera. We knew in Paris that Nilsson was clever and pretty, nice to see, and charming to look upon; that she could act, and

could sing; but I do not think the best judge in Paris could have predicted that she could have been the *Ophelia* of that fourth act. "Il est mort, je suis sa veuve," she murmured sadly, and then, radiant with smiles, broke out into Hebe-like mirth. They were dancing round her, and she paused in her grief to listen to the waltz, and then sang it joyously. A moment later she said:

And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead:

and then the fair, brilliant face again changed its expression, and *Ophelia* scattered flowers and smiles for the memory of her love. The music is beautiful—simply beautiful—but still the actress in this scene engrossed all attention. Then the chorus danced off, and *Ophelia* was left alone—alone before that lake whose deadly waters were about to receive her. Then there burst forth a chorus from an unseen choir, and *Ophelia* gathered her senses and listened. It seems to me I have rarely, if ever, seen such acting—such play of feature, such expression of feeling. The house—a very critical but very intelligent one—was hushed, as if *Ophelia* was the personal care and affection of each. Great ladies—not the most sensitive of our creatures—crafty statesmen, hard bankers, stern politicians, frivolous *gandins*, were mute almost with alarm as poor *Ophelia* resolved to take that "too much of water." Mlle. Nilsson was recalled twice during this act, and the whole house rose and applauded her grand artistic conception. To more than one person the *Ophelia* of Mlle. Nilsson will go down to the grave linked with the memory of Jenny Lind in "*Roberto*," and Patti in "*Sonnambula*."

With the death of *Ophelia*, who floats off under an electric light, rather like "The Lily Maid of the Astolat," the interest in the opera ceases. There is a chorus of grave-diggers, and Faure has a fine air, "Comme une pâle fleur;" but with Nilsson, exit our regard for the opera. I think "*Hamlet*" may be safely set down as a success. It is not a fine work; it is indisputably heavy and dull, but it is above the average, and clever, and the memory of *Ophelia* is enough to provoke a second and third visit, and to induce all your friends to go too.

AMSTERDAM.—The eighth Felix Meritis concert brought us the following programme: 1. Symphony No. 3, op. 56 (Mendelssohn); 2. Air from Marschner's opera "*Hans Heiling*;" 3. Concerto for violin (Rode); 4. Overture "*Rosamunde*" (Schubert); 5. Air, "*In questa tomba oscura*" (Beethoven); 6. *Adagio* and *Rondo* for violin (Vieuxtemps); 7. (a), "*Am Meer*," poem of H. Heine, music by F. Schubert, (b) "*An Mignon*," poem of Goethe, music by Beethoven; 8. Overture "*Die Weihe des Hauses*," op. 124 (Beethoven). As singer we had Herr Hermann-Philippi from Wiesbaden; as violinist, Mme. WILMA NERUDA-NORMANN from Stockholm. This talented artist is a member of that very musical family from Brünn (Moravia), consisting of two brothers (pianist and violoncellist), and two sisters (pianist and violinist), who some years ago made such frequent and successful excursions through Germany. Wilma Neruda in the year 1864 married Herr L. Normann (born in Stockholm in 1831), a pupil of Lindblad and a well-known artist and composer in Sweden. Herr Normann has been teacher at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm since 1857, and royal Kapellmeister there since 1861. As for his "accomplished wife" (*style du jour*) she really is a first-rate artist. I do not think one could easily find so remarkable and talented a violinist of the fair sex, except perhaps Domenica Teresa Milanollo; but since her marriage she is lost to the public at large. Mme. Normann has the facility of Wieniawski, the feeling of Joachim. It was astonishing with what correctness and *aplomb* she performed the spirited but difficult *Adagio* and *Rondo* by Vieuxtemps. She was each time frantically cheered, and thrice recalled at the end.—*Orch.*

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—At the fourth Subscription Concert, Herr Joachim played with great success a Violin Concerto by Herr Bruch, in addition to that by Beethoven. Among the other pieces performed were Symphony in D major, Mozart; *Gesang der Gaister über den Wassern*, Ferdinand Hiller; and Overture to *Olympia*, Spontini.

ELBERFELD.—The programme of the last Subscription Concert contained scenes from Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, and Schumann's *Genoveva*.

MANNHEIM.—Shakespeare's *Tempest* with Herr Taubert's music has been very favorably received.

KÖNIGSBERG.—On the 21st March, 1828, Herr Dorn, who has been Court *Capellmeister* in Berlin since 1849, commenced his public career by conducting *Le Macon* in this, his native town. This year, therefore, he will have fulfilled the duties of a conductor forty years. Next to Herr Krebs, of Dresden, he has wielded the *baton* longer than any German musician living, the oldest of all, Herr Lachner, of Munich, having been lately pensioned. During this long period, Herr Dorn has officiated in Königsberg, Dantzic, Leipsic, Hamburg, Riga, Cologne and Berlin.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 11, 1868.

### Music in Boston.

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB. On Tuesday evening, March 31, with the fourth concert, the nineteenth season came to an end. The Chickering Hall was crowded, and the programme of peculiar interest, the three great masters of classical chamber music only being represented, Beethoven having, very properly, the lion's share.

Sonata for Piano and 'Cello, in A, op. 69..... Beethoven.  
Allegro. Scherzo. Adagio and Finale, Allegro Vivace.  
Messrs. Perabo and Fries.  
Quartet in B flat, No. 69..... Haydn.  
Allegro. Andante, Minuetto, and Finale Allegro.  
Sonata for Piano..... Mozart.  
a, Allegro maestoso. b, Andante cantabile. c, Finale, Presto.  
Ernst Perabo.  
Seventh Quartet in F, op. 69..... Beethoven.  
Allegro, Allegretto Scherzando, Adagio molto e mesto,  
Finale Allegro, Thème russe.

Neither of Beethoven's two predecessors were greatly, though they were characteristically represented. The Haydn Quartet, smoothly, clearly flowing, reflecting his serene, cheerful, child-like spirit, complete and elegant in form and style, was very beautiful, but perhaps a little tame after the marked individuality and happy inspiration of that Beethoven Sonata. In the execution it was good clear, even quartet playing as we have heard for a long while.—It was good to hear for once one of Mozart's piano Sonatas, and PERABO had selected one of the best, one of the strongest, the most full of matter (*Inhalt*) and of passion, while it has the spontaneity and grace with which his genial creations always charm. It was the one in A minor, No 5 in Dittson's edition. He played the first Allegro with great fire and sustained force, bringing out the contrasts of *fortissimo* and *pianissimo* in those bold organ-point passages after the repeat, where the angry figure forces its way along through chords or rather discords of the ninth, with startling effect. The Andante and the Presto movements are also of marked character, especially the last, and were made to tell with great point and beauty in the rendering—though perhaps at times with some excess of force.

The two Beethoven works are noble ones. We have recently had occasion to speak of that singularly happy Sonata in A, for piano and 'cello, which has no slow movement except the brief introduction to the Finale. It was admirably played again by FRIES and PERABO, and caused great delight.—The Quartet in F is the well-known No. 1 of the three dedicated to Prince Rasoumofsky. What a stride had the gigantic genius made from the six quartets of op. 18 to these! Though doubtless happier in the rendering this time, it recalled the impression that it made upon us some fifteen years ago when the Club first introduced it. Now, as then, we must say:

It is hard to believe that the opus number, 59, can mark the true date of this composition. In strange individuality of thought and manner, in remoteness from all common forms, in utter newness of invention and of exploration as it were in wondrous, untried spheres, it seems in advance of the symphonies of the same date, indeed of all the symphonies except the ninth. Those are all clearer and more readily appreciable to the common ear than are these quartets of his middle period. Does it not show, that in quartet writing the composer invites you to communion with his most interior, esoteric life; that in this form of Art he sets down the most advanced posts in his spiritual and artistic progress? The ideas are nervous, bold, unique, pregnant; and the rhythmical forms unfolded into the most intricate and subtle, yet symmetrical and expressive fineness of divisions.

MR. OTTO DRESEL's first "Reading" of piano-forte music, on Thursday afternoon of last week, though it came on Fast Day, and while the heavens were blackened with the first April shower (fallacious promise of "ethereal mildness!") drew together a large and highly appreciative company at Chickering's. There is no need of assuring those who had not the good fortune to be present, that it was a feast of exquisite music exquisitely interpreted. These were the choice selections, all from the more modern romantic school of true tone-poets.

Caprice.....Ferd. Hiller.  
Scherzo.....Rob. Schumann.  
Fantaisie.....Chopin.  
Etude.....Chopin.  
Three Mazourkas.....Chopin.  
Two "Fantasie-stücke".....Aug. Saran.  
Intermezzo.....Otto Dresel.  
Slumber Song.....Rob. Schumann.  
Introduction and Rondo.....Chopin.

Ferdinand Hiller has written many good things,—some so good as to make one wonder that such a mass of works in all forms from his prolific pen, all respectable, musician-like, vastly superior to the common run, have made no more enduring mark. Take him all in all, he is perhaps the first musician living now in Germany, though Robert Franz shows, in the less ambitious sphere to which he confines himself, more of original creative power, besides having so deeply "lived himself into" the polyphonic art of Bach. This *Caprice*, full of live, fresh fancy and felicitous expression, shows what Hiller can do, and made a very interesting introduction to the other readings. Of the larger Chopin pieces, the *Fantaisie* (in F minor, op. 49) and the bright *Rondo* (in E flat, op. 16) with stately introduction in C minor like a Concerto, the former is the less familiar, and a work of rare power and beauty, rich in variety and contrast. Schumann appeared once in the bolder, more fantastic, and once in the gentler, sentimental phase; and both were of the finest instances. The two "fancy pieces" of Saran, the pupil of Franz, whose few published piano pieces have given such decided promise, but who seems to have quietly withdrawn of late years from a field for which he has shown so clear a calling, still assert their marked originality. Mr. Dresel's own little *Intermezzo* and "Slumber Song," which he added at the end, were plainly very welcome and wear well.

Of this week's "Reading" we must speak next time. Three more light up the musical prospect, and will come along on the remaining Thursdays of the month.

"THE SON & STRANGER."—The charming little parlor Operetta with which the young Mendelssohn of twenty (1829), on his return home from travels abroad, surprised his parents on the anniver-

sary of their "silver wedding," was performed for the first time in this country, last Wednesday night, in the annual benefit concert of Mr. ALFRED P. PECK, the efficient superintendent of the Music Hall.

"*Heimkehr aus der Fremde*" (Return from Abroad) is the real title, changed as above in England. It was done all in the family, with aid of friends and neighbors, and afterwards kept in sacred privacy, until three or four years after the composer's death, when it was publicly performed in Leipzig. The hero of the little plot, the young soldier restored to the anxious mother, typifies himself. The libretto, originally written by his friend Klingemann, who died a few years since in England (can we forget sitting by the side of the sweet old gentleman, in Exeter Hall, listening to Mme. Goldschmidt in *Elijah*!), has since been rearranged and expanded, partly by Mr. Chorley for the London edition. The argument is simply this:

In a village of Suabia, one day, *Ursula*, the mayor's wife, was sitting in front of her house, spinning, and sadly thinking of her absent son, *Herrmann*, who had enlisted some years previously, and from whom they had, for some time, heard nothing, although the mayor had patiently spelt out all the war-news in their paper, which, in those slow-moving days, was so old when it arrived at the village, that the face of matters might have entirely changed in the world since its first printing. *Lisbeth*, ward to the burgomaster, enters, and endeavors to cheer up the good *Ursula*, who is ever looking at the dark side of things. She succeeds partially, and then proceeds to make preparation for the morrow's jubilee, which is to be the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the may-orship of her guardian. *Kauz*, a pedlar, now enters, and, suspecting that some kind of merry-making is in view, questions *Lisbeth*, with a view to ascertain what profit, and also what pleasure, he may receive in the coming festival. He is somewhat impertinent; and she is quite relieved by the approach of *Herrmann*, the long-lost son, who has assumed the disguise of a musician, and who, after a while, makes himself known to her, much to the dissatisfaction of the forward pedlar.

Soon after, the pompous but good-hearted mayor enters, and is somewhat puzzled by the excitement of *Lisbeth*, who finds it difficult to give a satisfactory explanation. *Kauz* enters, and the mayor mistakes him for an expected military officer. *Kauz* gives an account of the tender meeting of *Herrmann* with the young lady, representing *Herrmann* to be a vagabond musician. The mayor and his wife will believe nothing against *Lisbeth*; but *Martin*, the vigilant night-watchman of the village, entering, he is ordered to arrest all vagabonds.

Next follows a comical serenade scene, in which *Herrmann*, as serenader, is interrupted by *Kauz*, in the dress of a watchman, who makes unearthly noises on his horn to drown the pretty guitar-music. *Herrmann* revenges himself by borrowing the cloak and lantern of the tipsy *Martin*, and arresting *Kauz*, whom he frightens well.

The morning dawns, and the pretty *Lisbeth* is seen decorating the house-front with flowers, after which she disappears, to advance again with a procession of villagers, who come to congratulate the mayor on the arrival of his golden anniversary. *Kauz*, having assumed a shabby military dress, now tries to pass himself off as the son of the mayor, but is speedily put to confusion by the advance of the real *Herrmann*, who, being a real military officer, threatens to take him as a recruit. He is only too glad to re-assume his true role of pedlar.

The spoken dialogue, which forms the larger part, is very natural and clever and, with the music, it would make a capital thing for "private theatricals." On this occasion it was omitted, and the entire music given, with a good orchestra of thirty, under the conductorship of Mr. B. J. LANG. The charming Overture, about the best thing in it, so fresh and genial, and in the vein of the opening of the Italian Symphony, was already familiar here. The cheerful sky it spreads over us is clouded by the sweet, sad Romance of *Ursula*, musing on her absent son, a touching contralto strain, sung with good style and feeling by Miss ADDIE RYAN. Then a duet of the sad mother cheered by the bright soprano of *Lisbeth* (Mrs. H. W. SMITH) seeking to win her thoughts to the gay festival preparing. Then *Lisbeth*, left alone, yields to her own sad mood, and sings of the absent



lover. All this is natural and pleasing music, though it becomes slightly monotonous and tame.

Then begins the comic part of the music, which is the best; the Pedlar's voluble, conceited song: "I am a roamer bold and gay," which was dashed off with capital spirit, as was all his music, by Mr. RUDOLPHSEN, with very bright and care-dispelling orchestral accompaniment. Hermann's song about the "evening bells," sweet and tender, but a little too long, was beautifully sung in Mr. JAMES WHITNEY's best style and voice (tenor), which is pure and delicate, and told with more power than usual. The Terzet, after Hermann has revealed himself to Lisbeth, in which the Pedlar tries to keep him from her, is charmingly humorous. Still more so the Trio between the old couple and the Pedlar, with his calumnious tale against the lovers,—and all the funnier that the old Mayor's part musically is written wholly in one note, of which arduous task Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, with his round bass, acquitted himself honorably, though at the end he had to drop an octave for a shadow of variety!

The best of the whole, however, is the Serenade scene, Hermann's mysterious strain "Tis now the hour when spirits rise," with the interruption of the pretended watchman's street-cry and horn; and then the rival (tenor) watchman, who arrests him. All this is mightily effective and amusing, and reveals a real comic vein in Mendelssohn. A short orchestral interlude, *Adagio*, suggestive of Night, follows, ending with a reminiscence of the Spring-like Overture by way of prelude to the buoyant, bright soprano song: "The flowers are ringing," which Mrs. Smith sang with great flexibility and evenness and in fine voice. The work ends with a couple of nice choruses, which were sung as quartets, and sounded very much like some of Mendelssohn's part-songs. The whole thing was a success, and we hope we may hear it again, and with the dialogue and action.

For a first part to his concert Mr. Peck had brought together almost too many attractions. But the length, protracted by the inevitable encores wherever there is a long string of songs presented, was shortened on the other hand by the omission of the longest and by far the most important piece, the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn. To the sincere regret of all, Mr. CARL ROSA was disabled by an accident to one of his hands; he "faced the music" bravely, though, in one sense, by frankly coming on the stage and pleading his own excuse in the most simple and convincing way. An orchestral piece would have done well in its place, and made the whole feel shorter, by breaking up such a succession of vocal solos. The only orchestral piece was the delightful *Preciosa* Overture of Weber, which it was a treat to hear again.

Madame PAREPA-ROSA was in remarkably fine voice even for her, and sang Millard's "Waiting," full of brilliant bird-like trills and echoes, which took mightily with the audience, a florid Aria from *Linda*, and a couple of ballads for encores, all in her heartiest and most triumphant manner. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS sang the Romanza: "Son leggero," from *Maria di Rohan*, in admirable voice and style; also a rather common sentimental song by Blumenthal, "The Message," in which we could see no occasion for an orchestral accompaniment. Strenuously recalled, she gave much pleasure with a playful Spanish song. Mrs. SMITH had bouquets rained upon her after her fluent, brilliant, but rather mechanical rendering of "*Regnava nel silenzio*." Mrs. ISABEL BLANCHARD made a very encouraging debut in a somewhat florid aria by Centemeri. She has a delicate mezzo soprano of warm, sympathetic quality, evenly developed, fresh and telling, and sings with chaste and good expression. She gave the ballad of the "Three Fishers," upon being recalled. Mr. WHITNEY, basso, improves constantly in voice and style. His large tones, even the deepest, told with

great power, and musically, in the air "*Bello ardir*" from Donizetti's *Marino Falieri*.

The Music Hall was crowded, and Mr. Peck must be congratulated upon such response to his announcement.

MISS CUSHMAN'S GIFT TO THE MUSIC HALL.—Half the matter we had intended for this paper is unexpectedly crowded out, but we must advise our readers to go to Child's Art Gallery and see the busts of PALESTRINA, MOZART and BEETHOVEN, noble heads, with most expressive allegorical supports, by the Danish sculptor MATHEIU. Our own impression of their significance and beauty is already expressed in the article which we transferred last week from the *Atlantic Monthly*. They can be seen and studied now, so well are they arranged, to far better advantage than will be possible when they are placed at a great height on the walls of the Music Hall. Every time we take a look at them we are confirmed in our conviction that in intrinsic beauty and in truth to subject they are excelled by no designs of modern plastic art yet seen in this city.

### Good Things Coming.

1. THE CONCERT FOR THE CRETANS, to be given by the Harvard Musical Association, on Monday Afternoon, April 20, at three o'clock—not half-past as before announced—must prove as interesting to all good music-lovers as any of the nine "Symphony Concerts" which they have followed up so eagerly. The orchestra will be in full force, of course with Mr. ZERRAHN as Conductor, and the programme of the usual character, yet appropriate to the occasion: *Part I.* Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," by Gluck, which has a Greek suggestion; Seventh Symphony, in A, by Beethoven. *Part II.* Chopin's Piano Concerto in E minor, which Mr. HUGO LEONHARD, who gave such delight with it in the seventh Symphony Concert, has kindly consented to play again; and, for a patriotic, rousing, popular finale, Rossini's splendid Overture to "William Tell,"—the first time for a year past.—If such musical attraction do not suffice, what heart with any human feeling can resist the burning appeal of the Committee in behalf of the Ladies' Fair, to which this concert will be tributary?

The Christian patriots of Crete,—struggling at earful odds with their Turkish enslavers, who have devastated their country, burned down their villages, deserted their churches, uprooted their vineyards, and outraged every sentiment and right which civilized warriors hold sacred—the brave upholders of the standard of the Cross against the Crescent in this the beginning of the end of Moslem domination in Europe—after defying and defeating every army sent against them, are still unsubdued, still hopeful and confident of final victory, still determined to do or die in the cause of their religious and national independence.

They ask no aid for themselves—neither in money nor munitions of war; but they do appeal to us, as the recognized champions of that liberty for which they struggle, to permit them to continue to fight their invaders, without, at the same time, making the dreadful Abrahamic sacrifice of their families. They entreat us to feed them and to clothe them—to do our part, at least, in providing them with the bare necessities of life—until, the Turk driven into the sea, they can descend from their mountain fastnesses, and again gather their wives and their children to their homes. Forty thousand souls—old men, women and children of all ages—are now dependent on the charity of Christendom. Already America has done more for them than any other Christian land; already, in the caves and on the rugged passes of Crete, our nation is daily blessed and God's benediction invoked on it; already, every American is saluted in Greece and wherever Greeks assemble, as a true and tried friend of their race in this their time of need.

But we need to do more. These famishing multitudes increase from day to day; and Greece is too poor to feed them all. The contributions from European nations are entirely inadequate to meet these pressing wants. Indeed they are altogether too small to materially affect the vast amount of destitution to be relieved.

Shall we continue to give the Cretans our sympathy, our prayers, and our help? Our sympathy has sustained the fainting hearts of women and invigorated the stout arms of the fighting men; and our help has kept thousands of mothers and children from cold and nakedness by garments made by the hands of American women.

The Ladies of several cities and towns will hold a Fair in Boston on Easter week for the benefit of the Cretans.

Let contributions pour in for this beneficent cause—the cause of Liberty against Despotism; of nationality against foreign subjugation; of civilization against barbarism—of the Cross against the Crescent!

II. THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL of the HANDEL and HAYDN SOCIETY, beginning on Tuesday, May 5, and closing on the following Sunday evening, bids fair to eclipse the glory of the preceding festivals. The guaranty fund was rapidly filled up, and now exceeds the required sum of \$25,000. The chorus will number more than 600 singers, more select and better drilled than usual; and the grand orchestra, reinforced by the best strength of the New York Philharmonic Society, will exceed one hundred instruments. The solo singing will be by the very best talent available, including of course Mme. PAREPA-ROSA, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS, in all probability the great German baritone, JULIUS STOCKHAUSEN, to whom an invitation has been sent, and other distinguished artists, besides those nearer, who have repeatedly done such excellent service in our Oratorios. For the opening on Tuesday morning will be given Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm (first time) and "Hymn of Praise," preceded by Nicolai's Overture and Choral: "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*." The Oratorios selected for the following evenings are the "Messiah," "Creation," "Samson" and "St. Paul."

There will be four Afternoon Concerts of instrumental and vocal music, with noble programmes. Each will include a Symphony, among which are named the great one in C by Schubert, the sparkling favorite in G by Haydn, and finally the sublime "Choral Symphony" of Beethoven, which, with such an orchestra and chorus, and with such a voice as Mme. Rosa's in the trying soprano solo, bids fair to prove even more impressive than it did at the end of the Symphony Concerts last year. CARL ROSA is engaged to play a Violin Concerto; and for two at least of the concerts the services of Fräulein ALIDE TOPP, the young lady pianist who has created such a sensation in New York, and who came to this country with the fullest endorsement of her teacher, Von Bülow, and of Liszt, have been secured. She will play Schumann's Concerto in A minor, and the Concerto in E flat (never before heard here) by Liszt. Von Bülow, in a letter to the Steinways, writes: "Miss Alide Topp, court pianist to the prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, whom I am proud to call my pupil, though not yet world-renowned, will soon become so, as her debut in every place where she has thus far appeared has always produced great sensation. Excellent female pianists as we have in the musical world (Schumann, Claus, Mehlig, Goddard, &c.), Miss Topp beats them all. The '*virtuose Qualität*' which distinguishes her makes us regard her as a male, rather than a female, pianist. The delicate, handsome woman, has a technique, an energy, a fire, which enable her to enter the lists with a Rubinstein or a Tausig. Do not think I exaggerate; you will certainly countersign my recommendation as soon as you have heard and admired the lady herself."—This may be partial praise, as well as wholesale; but certainly it comes from very high authority; and, though it is like bringing coals to Newcastle, to bring another fine pianist to Boston, there will be great interest to hear this lady, and she will no doubt be warmly welcomed.

Among the Overtures for the Festival concerts we hear named Beethoven's *Leonora*, No. 3; Mendelssohn's "*Becalmed at Sea*," &c.; Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, that to *Freyschütz*, &c., &c.

Mr. F. L. Ritter continues the good work among his pupils. Here is the programme of the second Soirée given, under his direction, by the teachers of Vassar College: Overture to *Egmont* (8 hands); Polonaise, C-sharp minor, *Chopin*; Aria from *Frey-schütz*; Fantaisie and Sonata, C minor, *Mozart*; Septet (8 hands), *Beethoven*; Andante and Variations for two pianos, *Schumann*; Song without Words, *Mendelssohn*; "Wanderstund," *S. Heller*; Songs, "Ye faded flowers," *Schubert*, and "Ich wandre nicht," *Schumann*; Capriccio, B minor, *Mendelssohn*; Organ Toccata, D minor, *Bach*.

At another, also under Mr. Ritter's direction, given at Mlle. Rostan's Young Ladies' School (New York), Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, for Soprano and Contralto voices, was given entire, with the original string quartet accompaniment. The "Ladies' Vocal Society," connected with the school, furnished the vocal part, and Messrs. Matzka, Gipner, Schwartz and Bergner the instrumental. The *Stabat* was preceded by Beethoven's E-flat Trio, op. 1, and followed by Liszt's *Lucia Fantasia*, played by Mr. Mills.

WORCESTER, MASS.—At this late day I forward you the programme of a musical entertainment recently given here (to invited guests) of so rare and unusual a character not only for this, but for a more pretentious locality, that I think some notice of the affair should appear in your columns. The residents of the "heart of the Commonwealth" are justly proud of their many fine vocal and instrumental performers; prominent among whom are the artists named upon the enclosed programme, who are always listened to with delight.

B.  
Saturday Afternoon, Feb. 22. Arranged in Historical Order.

PERIOD I. Born. Died.  
Concert Sonata. . . . . Domenico Scarlatti. 1683.  
Variations, Harmonious Blacksmith Handel. 1684. 1759.  
Alto Air from Mass in G minor. J. S. Bach. 1685. 1750.

PERIOD II.  
Fantasia in C. . . . . Haydn. 1732. 1809.  
La Consolation. . . . . Dussek. 1761. 1812.  
Song. L'Addio. . . . . Mozart. 1756. 1792.

PERIOD III.  
Sonata in E flat, op. 22. . . . . Beethoven. 1770. 1827.  
Prayer from Der Freischütz. . . . . Von Weber. 1786. 1826.  
Song. Faded Flowers. . . . . Franz Schubert. 1797. 1828.

PERIOD IV.  
Prelude in E minor. . . . . Mendelssohn. 1809. 1847.  
Album Leaf. My dearest May. Schumann. 1810. 1854.  
Waltz. Op. 64, No. 2. . . . . F. Chopin. 1810. 1849.  
Fantasia. Les Huguenots. . . . . S. Thalberg. 1812.  
Vocalist, Mrs. A. C. Munroe. Pianist, B. D. Allen.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1.—On Wednesday evening a miscellaneous concert was given at Steinway Hall. The only interesting features were the solos of S. B. Mills and Camilla Urso. Mr. M. played in his usual admirable style, but his selections were somewhat unenjoyable. Mme. Urso was superb; the clearness, purity and unerring accuracy of her tone are beyond praise, and her bowing is delightfully easy and smooth. She was tumultuously encored and gave us a fine rendering of Ernst's *Elegie*. The accompaniments were "done" in a thoroughly execrable, sledge-hammer style by some one who rejoices in the euphonious name of "Cavaliere Paolo Giorza."

There were three Ole Bull concerts last week. His odd, quaint, fanciful performance of such pieces as the "Carnival of Venice" and "Witches' Dance" is eminently calculated to please the popular mind; on the other hand, his best and most artistic point,—i.e., his wonderful three and four-part playing,—is appreciated only by the few. We must regret that a violinist of such pre-eminent ability should condescend to play—as he did on Saturday evening—such low bar-room trash as the "Arkansas Traveller;" and we would suggest to Sig. Severini the propriety of leaving the dead undisturbed; "Oft in the still night" is very well in its way, but it is unkind to unearth it at this late day.

On Saturday evening occurred the 5th of the Chamber Music Soirées with this programme:

Octet, E, op. 32. . . . . Spohr.  
P. F. Solo, "Fachsingschwank" . . . . . Schumann.  
Wm. Mason.  
Quartet, B flat, op. 130. . . . . Beethoven.

The Spohr Octet attracted a larger audience than is usually present at these soirées; a fine work, carefully instrumented and well elaborated. The Menuetto is very nice; the 3d movement—an adaptation of the "Harmonious Blacksmith"—has a very pleasing effect; the Finale, an airy, sprightly Allegretto in E major, sets out with a melody which at first appears trivial, but suddenly surprises one by its fine changes of key and the artistic working up of the theme. Altogether, the Octet was very enjoyable.

Mr. Mason played the Schumann piece in his habitually careful, accurate, and, I grieve to say, phlegmatic manner; firmness and precision were there, but delicacy and feeling were somewhat lacking.

The Beethoven Quartet, built on a large, broad scale, is an admirable instance of what has been termed the author's "third period." The 5th movement, "Cavatina, Adagio molto espressivo," is more clear and less involved than are most of the other movements (there are six in all), and is therefore better calculated to please upon a first hearing.

At the 27th Sunday Evening concert (Steinway Hall) these were the interesting points:—

2 movements from unfinished Symphony. . . . . Schubert.  
Violin Solo, Adagio and Rondo, (1st Concerto). . . . . Paganini.  
B. Listemann.

Dirge for full Orchestra. . . . . Jerome Hopkins.

The Dirge by Hopkins is really a composition of merit, in which there is some individuality (not to any dangerous extent), and much that is suggestive of Schumann and Wagner. It was admirably played by the compact little orchestra of 30. Mr. Listemann created a genuine sensation by the general brilliancy of his execution and the lightning-like rapidity of his staccato passages; his tone is, however, rather thin. He was heartily and deservedly encored. Mr. DeMeyer and his inevitable hat amused the audience after the usual fashion.

APRIL 6.—On Thursday evening, April 2nd, Mr. Fr. Bergner gave his 4th Annual Concert in Irving Hall. He was assisted by Messrs. S. B. Mills, Theo. Thomas, Mosenthal, G. Matzka, Liesegang, Pfeiffenschneider, F. Letsch, and Miss Maria Brainerd. The interesting features of the programme were two movements from one of Mendelssohn's early quartets (Op. 12, written in 1828), and the Andante with variations from the Beethoven quatuor, op. 18, No. 5.

Mr. Bergner in his two solos displayed the same ease and carefulness of execution, together with the fine, pure tone, which have always been the most noteworthy characteristics of his artistic excellence. His best effort was his performance (as an encore) of Gounod's *Meditation* upon Bach's Prelude in C major. Mr. Mills gave us the wearisome Liszt Fantasia upon *Lucrezia Borgia* and a potpourri of his own. The audience numbered some five hundred.

On Saturday evening the 5th and last Brooklyn Philharmonic Concert was given before a very large audience. The orchestral pieces were the following:

Symphony No 4, "Welche der Töne" . . . . . Spohr.  
1 movem't from Symphony, "Romeo & Juliette." . . . . Berlioz.  
Overture, "Tannhäuser" . . . . . Wagner.

Mr. Arbuckle gave two solos upon the cornet & piston in a very neat, clean, and acceptable style. He was honored with hearty encores. Mme. Parepa-Rosa sang the "Ah, perfido" (Beethoven) and Handel's "Let the bright seraphim." The latter was a great success; a repetition was demanded and gracefully accorded by the obliging cantatrice. Miss Toedt, who had not appeared in public for some time, played a trashy composition by Prame, in very good style. Her bowing is not very strong and her tone is less sympathetic than might be wished; yet she is young, there is still time, and there are many violinists of greater age who would give much to play as well as she.

We trust that the season has been sufficiently prosperous to warrant the directors in attempting, next winter, the twelfth season of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society. I had almost forgotten to say—and I hasten to make good the omission, inasmuch as accuracy seems to be essential—that the orchestra numbered exactly fifty-five.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

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- Why should we part? Song. Keller. 30  
Why, indeed, when this charming song so prettily urges the contrary? The publishers, however, will readily part with it on payment of the very reasonable price.  
Cruel Mary Holder. Comic Song. Lloyd. 35  
I'm 75. " " 30  
Two very amusing songs.  
My Father sould Charcoal. S'g & dance. G. T. 30  
An unmistakable Irish song. Good melody.  
O'er the Bright Waves. Barcarole. Schubert. 40  
My Queen. Song. Blumenthal. 50  
May God love thee. Song. Birdseye. 30  
Good songs, by well-known composers.  
Far away the King doth stray. (Mari sage).  
"La Belle Helene." 30  
A very piquant and pretty melody. The song has a chorus.  
Sailing on the Ægean. (Roi Plaintif).  
"La Belle Helene." 30  
The Kings of Grecia. (Voici les rois). " 30  
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